

# ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

78 AND 80 PINE STREET.

PUBLISHED BY A COMMITTEE, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

D. R. M'ANALLY, EDITOR.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 13.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1860.

\$2 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

## Theological.

### Sermon.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels. —*Math. xxv. 41.*

Often have I lifted my warning voice among you, but never, to my recollection, did I ascend this pulpit with a mind so completely saturated with unutterable ideas as at this time. It is not a darkened sun, nor a bloody moon, that overwhelms me. It is not a reeling earth, nor a roaring sea, that affrights me. No, it is not the aggravated roar of thundering thunders, nor yet the irresistible glare of all-conquering fire, that convulses me. I have just heard—ah! what did I hear! I have just heard the voice of a God, the treasures of whose grace is quite exhausted. I have just heard the God of battle, whose love is turned into hate; whose riches of grace are turned into treasures of wrath. By faith, I say, I have just heard this great arbiter of our destiny utter that curse against the vessels of wrath, which, while it admits of no mitigation or repeal, consigns them to the unimaginable agonies of eternal damnation. Unhappy man that I am; I have taken the children's bread, and cast it to dogs; I have poured forth in strains of godly eloquence, to an unheeding multitude, the alluring calls of Christ's glorious gospel, whilst my fruit has been as the gleaming of the vintage. It seems as though God's word has as yet returned empty; and, like the old prophet, I now inquire, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" Should I be considered an unjust censor, if I were to state my fears that there are many present who are carnal and unconverted, and, consequently, enemies to God? To such, it seems almost unnecessary to say anything by way of exhortation. Efforts of this kind have long been gaged, and we appear to have arisen once more, only to inscribe the epitaph of your privileges, and the date which at once points to the end of your joys, and the beginning of your woe. "Then shall he say also unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels."

I. I design to speak, first, of the certainty of hell torments, and

II. Of their greatness, and wherein the greatness of them will consist.

III. Of their eternity.

These doctrines seem to be clearly implied in the text.

I. And, first, I desire to speak something of the certainty of hell torments. *Then shall he (Christ, the Judge of the world) say to them on the left hand (the wicked), Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.* Here seems to be a double punishment. They see themselves separated from the God of heaven. What is it to be separated from God? Alas! who can comprehend this dreadful phrase, separated from God! Deprived of God! O, horrid reflection! The privation of God! The great good man can enjoy, in this life, the greatest of pleasures, and the greatest of joys. He shall say, *Depart, ye cursed*, there shall be no more communication between reprobate and God. A separation shall ensue, as complete and irrevocable as if God should say, *You wished there were no God, and no God you shall have; you would not seek God, and now you shall seek him to no purpose; you would not know your God; your God you never shall see or know.* God will forsake them in grief and anger; a father, friend, and protector, and know them only as a judge, avenger and enemy. Wherefore the damned will be doubly unhappy, because God will not only be no longer favorable and propitious to them, but also declared and armed against them. After this it would seem almost useless to expatiate on the sensible pains with which this separation from God shall be accompanied; such as a remembrance of the good things they have enjoyed, of the grace they abused, and of the supreme excellence and eternal good, of which they are forever deprived.

It appears to me, my brethren, that there is no need of any devil, to make hell a scene of torment; each unhappy soul will find a sufficient tormentor in the guilt of his own crimes, which he brought with him thither. His abominable impurities; his enormous injustice; his profanity of holy things; his contempt of the Supreme Being; his rage and animosity; his hypocritical artifice; his dark designs and invidious calumnies; and many other iniquities, which it is beyond my power to reckon up, will besigue him, will seize upon him, and burn him with the most inexpressible anguish. His misery will be completed by despair of ever feeling the Divine clemency. This leads to the third point to be considered.

III. The eternity of hell torments. It is natural to look to severity for comfort, and to severity for relief. Distress, if it is an agony, that alleviates the pain with which we are oppressed. If circumstances are ever so unfavorable, we nevertheless persuade ourselves that all our present ills will have a termination; and the certainty of future contingencies enables us, sometimes, to hope for objects which we have no reason to expect. Not so, however, with the lost. They suffer, without any expectation of relief. Their state is perpetual and everlasting, a state of desperation. That which exists torments them the more, because they know it shall never cease to exist. O, for a little respite, a little mitigation of these pains. This is the language of a reprobate soul. But God shall answer, *Of what avail are these plaints? They strike my ears, but they reach not my heart; no remedy, no redress! And would you know the reason? Because I called a thousand angels, and rebuked them, saying, "Stand ye up, and deliver this sinner," they refused to live only to enjoy those things which minister to sin, and foment the passions; the necessary proportion, therefore, is observed between the eternity of their pains and the malignity of their hearts. In this life, by grace, a man may repent, and satisfy God; but without repentance there is no remission of sin. Now, as it is impossible to attain evangelical repentance in hell, the punishment there must, consequently, be eternal.*

Such are the arguments we would advance from reason, if we were deprived of the unerring light of revelation. But as the truth of revelation, I presume, is admitted in this assembly, you will listen to its awful testimony. *Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.* And again, "There the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." And again, "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up, forever and ever."

My brethren, do we believe there is a hell, into which the wicked shall certainly be turned? What is it, then? Is it inadvertence? Is it madness? Is it enchantment that keep us from laboring to shun it? Every impenitent sinner is in the ready way to this dreadful place; every prayerless soul, every Sabbath-breaker, liar, drunkard and defrauder. And

at all; and those who are punished most, suffer vastly beneath the demerit of their crimes, none in any proportion to them. From this, we are surely at liberty to infer that God has reserved some other time and place—and that is the next life—where these things shall be adjusted, his honor fully vindicated, and the measure of his enemies' punishment filled up.

But I will now appeal to the irresistible authority of the sacred Scriptures. If they, hand or foot, or eye offend thee, cast it off, or pluck it out; for it is better to do so, than, having two of each, to be cast into hell fire. In the Psalmist it is said, "The wicked shall be turned into hell," and, speaking of the Judgment, Christ saith, "The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." And, as in the text, *Then shall he say to them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.* How awful is the certainty of that vengeance which God shall visit on the contemners of his grace, when the fire, which is kindled in his anger, shall burn to the lowest hell! We proceed to speak as was proposed.

II. Of the greatness of hell torments, and wherein their greatness consists. Then shall he also say, *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.* Those who are able to form any sort of correct ideas of the divine nature and majesty, will not find it difficult to believe that sin is very heinous, and aggravating, and that it will receive the most sore and dreadful punishment. Plato, a Pagan philosopher, had a view of this; and, in the person of one who is supposed to have seen hell, and afterwards returned to this world, he tells us the dreadful spectacles he saw—men tortured in innumerable forms; some in rivers of fire; some shivering and freezing with excessive cold; others thrown into torments, or mangled by wild beasts. These ideas, though extravagant, contain, at the bottom, the native idea of the divine vengeance which the wicked shall experience.

In Scripture, we find the same idea perfected. The doom of the rebellious angels; of Sodom and Gomorrah, and of the world, are instances of the terror of God's wrath, and tokens of the greatness of future torments for the wicked.

But in what shall that greatness consist? They see themselves separated from God and surrounded with fire. *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.* Here seems to be a double punishment. They see themselves separated from the God of heaven. What is it to be separated from God? Alas! who can comprehend this dreadful phrase, separated from God! Deprived of God! O, horrid reflection! The privation of God! The great good man can enjoy, in this life, the greatest of pleasures, and the greatest of joys. He shall say, *Depart, ye cursed*, there shall be no more communication between reprobate and God. A separation shall ensue, as complete and irrevocable as if God should say, *You wished there were no God, and no God you shall have; you would not seek God, and now you shall seek him to no purpose; you would not know your God; your God you never shall see or know.* God will forsake them in grief and anger; a father, friend, and protector, and know them only as a judge, avenger and enemy. Wherefore the damned will be doubly unhappy, because God will not only be no longer favorable and propitious to them, but also declared and armed against them. After this it would seem almost useless to expatiate on the sensible pains with which this separation from God shall be accompanied; such as a remembrance of the good things they have enjoyed, of the grace they abused, and of the supreme excellence and eternal good, of which they are forever deprived.

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how great will your misery be! Are your bones brass? Is your flesh iron? Can you consent to lie down in everlasting burnings? O, will you persist in sin, and brave the consequences? Do you provoke the Lord to jealousy? Are you stronger than he? O, how corroding will be your reflections, when you shall say, "I am tormented in this flame!" Will you vainly think that you shall suffer a while, and then come out? Hear the text again, *Go, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.* If I am importunate with you, it is for your good; danger awaits you; hell is before the sinner. You may escape, if you will. Christ now invites you, and offers you his grace; if you will, you may accept it; if not, you must perish, and I am clear of your blood.—*Harris.*

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.  
Conscience—Second Paper.

MR. EDITOR: Upon the first page of your issue of the 8th inst., I find my thoughts upon "Conscience," together with your remarks upon the same. I had almost regretted sending my article to press; but, if it prove, in the end, the means of eliciting something from abler pens upon the subject, I am content that it has found a place in your columns. I wrote, and now write, only to discover truth. If my theory is wrong, but show me its falsity, and I trust that I am sufficiently free from bigotry to abandon it, and adopt a better, whoever may be its enunciator. Especially, sir, I am happy to receive the requisite illumination through the medium of an emanation from your pen. And that I may the sooner receive the benefit thereof, I have determined to lay aside some other duties, this morning, while I dot down a few thoughts, that I have yet in reserve, upon the question at issue. Before proceeding in this direction, however, I beg leave to correct two or three errors of which the types make me guilty in my last. In the second column, third line from the top, I am made to say "many natures" for "man's nature." In the seventy-ninth line, "substance" for "subsistence." In the ninety-ninth line, "confirmation" for "combination." I note these because they not only impair, but entirely destroy, the sense. The body of the article, with its propositions, arguments, &c., &c., must abide, as best it may, your promised "crusher." The pieces may be worth picking up, and they may not. We'll see. "*Tempus omnia reuelat.*"

In order that metaphysics be restored to, and maintained in, the true dignity of a science, and that the subjects under it receive that attention, from practical minds which their intrinsic importance demands, our researches relating to them ought to have a practical bearing upon real, living, recognized interests. "The prejudice which is commonly entertained against metaphysical speculations," says Dugald Stewart, "seems to arise chiefly from two causes: First, from an apprehension that the subjects about which they are employed, are placed beyond the reach of the human faculties; and, secondly, from a belief that these subjects have no relation to the business of life." I believe this to be the true state of mind and affairs has been brought about, and sustained, by the impracticable views, and frivolous and effervescent productions of many, if not most, of our metaphysical writers. It becomes us, then, as skillful physicians, to apply the antidote to the seat of the disease. And, to make a special application of this general principle to the case in hand, I protest, once for all, against all definitions of conscience, or of its offices, which necessarily foreclose all conception of their practicability upon the part of practical minds.

In my own mind, the whole matter at issue resolves itself into this: Conscience is either something, or it is nothing—it is either an agent or a mere report of agencies—it either has a legitimate, original sphere of operation, assigned it by the Author of our being, or else its existence is a state of precarious dependency, suspended upon more contingencies. Now, if we recognize it as something—e. g., as a faculty (which all do practically, whatever be their theory), and admit that God has assigned it a specific agency in a certain department of moral existence, it very poorly answers the ends of true philosophical investigation for us to ignore this practical view of the subject, by adopting the false, frivolous and imaginary conditions, which some writers attach to it, and which virtually destroy its identity.

If conscience is a faculty, it must, of necessity, have some definite and distinct province of action. And, if the faculty is original and simple, the province, at least, is independent of the action of other faculties. In trying to discover the nature and extent of this province, which is the intent of the present effort, our investigations must depend, to a great extent, upon what has gone before. If what we have advanced as a definition of the term conscience is true, this province is real. If false, it is imaginary. If false, it has, at least, some respectable advocates. For instance, Watson defines it to be a faculty, though he explains away his definition, by after remarks. (Dict. pp. 266-7.) Dr. Reid, of Glasgow—who gave the first blow to Hume's infidel philosophy—says: "The testimony of our moral faculty (conscience), like that of the external senses, is the testimony of nature, and we have the same reason to rely upon it. \* \* \* As we rely upon the clear and distinct testimony of our eyes, concerning the colors and figures of the bodies about us, we have the same reason to rely, with security, upon the clear and unbiased testimony of our conscience, with regard to what we ought and ought not to do." The philosophers of the Shaftesbury school universally adopt these ideas. "Conscience," says Dr. A. Clarke, "searches the inmost recesses of the soul." (Conn. Prov. xx. 27th.) Again, he says: "That faculty of the soul (conscience) where divine light dwells and works, shows them where they are right; and thus they have a comfortable testimony in their own souls of

their own integrity." (Conn. Rom. ii. 15th.) I might quote from other authors, but these are enough to show that I have respectable company, at least.

With these views fixed in the mind, and the light of inspiration shinning upon the whole subject, we are at no loss to define the province of conscience. And we observe, first of all, that, as it is independent in its existence, so it is in its action, of everything else except a revelation from God of his will. It seems to be regarded, in revelation, as the receptacle of divine light in man, and the reflector of that light upon the other departments of his nature. (See Job xxxii. 8th; Prov. xx. 27th; Rom. ii. 15th; 2 Sam. xxiv. 10th; Acts xxiv. 25th, and other passages *ad libitum*.) From these, we may see that, while the light of conscience is borrowed, it comes direct from the Great Father of light. Like the moon, it reflects all the light that it receives, and receives all the light that it reflects from its Sun.

Like the retina of the eye, it receives the first impressions of light, and thus becomes the fountain, or rather the reservoir, of light to the whole moral man. Again, it is regarded as an active disposer of happiness to those who obey its dictates, and of terror to those who disregard them.

(See Job xxxii. 6; Prov. xiv. 14, xxviii. 1; 2 Cor. i. 12; 1 Tim. i. 9; 1 John iii. 19, 21; Gen. xlii. 21; Prov. xviii. 14; John xviii. 9; Matt. xxvii. 3; Titus. 15.) Let these suffice; though I might fill this page with passages having the same bearing, and teaching the same truths.

I find, sir, that my duties are closing in upon me so closely that I shall have no time to transcribe. I add this idea: Conscience has but one rule of action, to which it is bound, viz: the will of God. Other things may affect, but can never be the basis of its action. Again, the terms evil, good, right, &c., &c., qualify, rather, the several conditions of conscience than the thing itself.

I close in the words of Dr. South: "Conscience is the crowning faculty of man. Its peculiar office is to arbitrate and direct all our other powers and propensities, according to the will of God, and there is a certain feeling of internal violence and disorder when its dictates in this capacity are not obeyed. Its legitimate business is to prescribe that man shall be as he ought, and do as he ought." As the existence of a regulator in a disordered watch shows the design of its maker, so conscience shows in our disordered natures the design of God, viz: that we should walk by its dictates.

I am done, Mr. Editor, for the present. Now

"Let loose your dogs of war, and cry, havoc!" Yours, in peace, J. H. PARRETT.

Leavenworth, March 14th, 1860.

## Communications.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate  
Roman Catholic Sympathy for the Pope vs. Protestant Sympathy for the Italian People.

NO. II.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this!" MR. EDITOR: In our first communication of the 22d of February, in order to confine ourselves within moderate bounds, we threw aside much that we had to offer, reserving for this, and, possibly, to some future time, other considerations upon this interesting theme. We do desire that the American mind may fully mark the significant fact now, and comment at leisure, on the unnatural and ostentatious display of sympathy for the Pope of Rome, upon the part of the Roman Catholics of the country. We rejoice, too, sir, that upon the late recurring anniversary of the birthday of the "Father of his country," whilst good and true patriots were cementing the bonds of our glorious confederacy in the renewal of their vows of fealty to it and the Constitution, it was our privilege to seize upon that National Jubilee, as a fit day to express free sentiments in behalf of the oppressed and down-trodden Italians, panting, as under the suffocating blasts of the Samiel, for the freedom which their Roman Catholic brethren are now enjoying in this land of the free—brethren who, as you must notice, are moving heaven and earth to deprive them of those inalienable rights and blessings which they so ungraciously contend should be denied and withheld from their trans-Atlantic friends.

This anomalous and unparalleled picture of Romanism is interesting and conclusive. It should satisfy us Americans of its nature, scope and tendency for all time to come. The events now transpiring should reveal to us the truth, that there are those among us, breathing the same inspiring air, that would level our temple of civil, religious and political liberty—if they dare and could—to the surface of the earth, in order to sustain yet a little longer the pretensions of their Pope to his temporal throne. How they can conscientiously sympathize with the Pope, and oppose his Italian subjects for aiming at the blessings they boast of and enjoy here, is an enigma of more difficult solution, by far, than that of the fabled Sphinx of Thebes, or the pretended liquefaction of the blood of Januarius at Naples. What an astounding contrast do the two countries (America and Italy) at this time present in the history of the world's progress! This young republic, still in the "first dawn that shades the face," is a living, stinging commentary on the venerable, all-conquering dominion of the Caesars, succeeded by a long line of Holy Fathers, whose way over the destinies of man have been not less remarkable. Let us glance at a few of the striking features which can not fail to challenge at once the notice and the exposition of mankind.

Here, in this Protestant land, our Roman Catholic friends, as we know that civil, political and religious liberty are as free as the aspirations of spirit—here, no titled aristocracy, either of Church or State, has an infeasible right in the offices of the country—here, the liberty of speech and the liberty of

the press are the birthright of the people—here, our purses are not emptied at the magical click of a pistol, aimed at your head in the tortuous mountain pass, or drained by standing armies, whether foreign or native, to keep a lie and a cheat on a throne which should be entirely devoted to the service of Heaven. How is it with classic Italy—that beautiful country, upon which the munificence of nature has been so unsparringly bestowed, but which has been so heartlessly unheeded and neglected, oppressed and plunged in thickest gloom by the Vicegerent of God on earth? There, the cardinal bishop of Rome—just one single fallible man—infallible from his election—the "Vicar of Christ"—"His Holiness," or the Pope—is invested with unlimited authority over several millions of people. There, for centuries past, he has been teaching and moulding at his will—"a cackled grandam's will"—his subjects, whose physical and intellectual organizations are so tractable as to require a foreign army to repress their aspirations, and to crush the just excitement against their sleek and lordly rulers. There, laws, as soon as passed, are revoked; or remain a dead letter if they conflict in the least degree with any of the dominant parties. There, the legislative, executive and judicial powers are united in inextricable confusion in one hand. There, the ministers are irresponsible. There, the people unrepresented, have no power. Have no power? Alas, that the liveried, licensed and educated few should exercise despotic rule over the uneducated million, unasked and unaccepted, who know not their power! There, they recognize the infallibility of the Pope in religious matters, but not in temporal. They complain, and most justly, too, that in the government of his States, he is assisted by those spiritual chiefs of the Church, his cardinals and bishops, and their ready employees, priests, canons, friars, &c. *id omnia gentes*, who forge the country and impoverish it, in the misapplication of its finances.

The people cry aloud, let us have some of that money which goes to beautify and adorn your costly basilicas and churches, whose elaborate and costly ornamentation might be dispensed with, and more usefully supplied in good roads and other internal improvements throughout its lusty vineyards and olive-groves, loaded with the fat of the land. Let us build up our commerce and manufactures, cultivate our idle soil, build public schools for our children, that they may become useful, worthy, intelligent, and reliable men and women; and not monasteries for those fat, lazy drones of society, who beg from door to door, or stand within the portals of the Albergro della Minerva (as we have often seen), with a little square tin box suspended from the neck, begging alms from every one passing, when he should be doing profitable work commensurate with his physical ability. Yet, with all these wants, abuses and complaints—and we have not mentioned a moiety of them—we have in our very midst unblushing eulogists of the Pope, and of his most corrupt of all governments, gulling their ducks with gratuitous and erroneous statements, as to the condition of things, and as to the true issue at stake. For shame, ye supporters of the truth! Our good Bishop of Louisville, in his allusion to the venality of the press in this country, in copying from the English papers their statements in regard to Italy, says, "It is time for us to declare our mental and moral, along with our political independence, and to begin to think and judge for ourselves, without receiving, on trust, our opinions from England." Indeed! Then why is he, with other lord bishops of his Church, so much opposed to the exercise of some sort of right among the Italians? If it is time for us to declare our mental, moral and political independence, where there is such a latitude of freedom in every department of life, is it not time for the poor Italians to declare their mental, moral and political independence, which they have never had, and, possibly, never will have, under their heaven-born, liberty-loving Popes? With a slight amendment of the above declaration, it will apply with far more force and aptitude to the Italians. We would amend, by saying, It is time for Roman Catholics, everywhere, to declare their mental and moral, along with their political, independence; to begin to think and judge for themselves, without receiving, "on trust," their opinions from interested Roman Catholic Bishops, who clip, distill, twist, and torture the truth whenever it conflicts with the real or imaginary interests of the Apostolic See of Rome. But, sir, let them know that the truth, though hewn and mangled like the body of Osiris, and the pieces divided among the partisans of the foul conspiracy to be scattered to the winds, shall be gathered together and arranged in symmetrical proportions, harmony and beauty. Is it not a pity that the press of our country does not borrow some of its bright ideas from the Giornale di Roma—that diminutive, contracted, priest-ridden, and priest-written sheet, about the size of a lady's

\* We were one morning in the Colosseum at Rome, when there came within its elliptic circle, a body of young students, "just let loose" from the Propaganda Fide, for the benefit of exercise. As they approached the cross that stands in the center of the arena, and each in succession had fallen upon his knees and kissed and butted, and kissed again that sacred standard, to secure the promised blessing of two hundred days' indulgence for every kiss bestowed; we were struck by the appearance of one—a negro—who looked as if he belonged to a different order of animals than those with whom he was associated, and to a freer clime than the one he was destined (for a time, at least) to work out his servitude and salvation in. To our question, as to his country and birth-place, he answered that he was from America, and Baltimore his home. The question was one to fill his heart full and in such a place! Comment is unnecessary.

"Of filling images and rapturous thoughts," and to the additional question, "Which country do you like the most, America, or this?" the answer, given with great feeling and emphasis, showed that the magnet of his soul had been truly "touched by remembrances," and trembled to that pole, that "land of Heaven's peculiar grace." Mark the answer, reader. "Ah, America, sir, for there, one can breathe and can think!" What an answer from such a source, and in such a place! Comment is unnecessary.

The people cry aloud, let us have some of that money which goes to beautify and adorn your costly basilicas and churches, whose elaborate and costly ornamentation might be dispensed with, and more usefully supplied in good roads and other internal improvements throughout its lusty vineyards and olive-groves, loaded with the fat of the land. Let us build up our commerce and manufactures, cultivate our idle soil, build public schools for our children, that they may become useful, worthy, intelligent, and reliable men and women; and not monasteries for those fat, lazy drones of society, who beg from door to door, or stand within the portals of the Albergro della Minerva (as we have often seen), with a little square tin box suspended from the neck, begging alms from every one passing, when he should be doing profitable work commensurate with his physical ability. Yet, with all these wants, abuses and complaints—and we have not mentioned a moiety of them—we have in our very midst unblushing eulogists of the Pope, and of his most corrupt of all governments, gulling their ducks with gratuitous and erroneous statements, as to the condition of things, and as to the true issue at stake. For shame, ye supporters of the truth! Our good Bishop of Louisville, in his allusion to the venality of the press in this country, in copying from the English papers their statements in regard to Italy, says, "It is time for us to declare our mental and moral, along with our political independence, and to begin to think and judge for ourselves, without receiving, on trust, our opinions from England." Indeed! Then why is he, with other lord bishops of his Church, so much opposed to the exercise of some sort of right among the Italians? If it is time for us to declare our mental, moral and political independence, where there is such a latitude of freedom in every department of life, is it not time for the poor Italians to declare their mental, moral and political independence, which they have never had, and, possibly, never will have, under their heaven-born, liberty-loving Popes? With a slight amendment of the above declaration, it will apply with far more force and aptitude to the Italians. We would amend, by saying, It is time for Roman Catholics, everywhere, to declare their mental and moral, along with their political, independence; to begin to think and judge for themselves, without receiving, "on trust," their opinions from interested Roman Catholic Bishops, who clip, distill, twist, and torture the truth whenever it conflicts with the real or imaginary interests of the Apostolic See of Rome. But, sir, let them know that the truth, though hewn and mangled like the body of Osiris, and the pieces divided among the partisans of the foul conspiracy to be scattered to the winds, shall be gathered together and arranged in symmetrical proportions, harmony and beauty. Is it not a pity that the press of our country does not borrow some of its bright ideas from the Giornale di Roma—that diminutive, contracted, priest-ridden, and priest-written sheet, about the size of a lady's

linen-cambrio handkerchief, but without its vivifying odor—or to have its selections made, and their leading columns revised, by some sensitive bishop, who mangles history

"Of that integrity which should become it." These are no idle, unfounded declarations, sir, on our part, but are sober verities, based, not only upon the universal testimony of travelers who have visited the "Eternal City," but upon the history of the present difficulties, as given by Roman Catholics themselves, whose position entitled them to speak and to be heard on this great question of the day, and who do not receive things "on trust," as our Papal bishops do.

Yours, &c., A. T. C.  
Louisville, March 17, 1860.

For the St. Louis Christian Advocate.  
MR. EDITOR: We are trying to do all the work to which we are called; and a work it is! Well might we adopt the language of the great apostle, and exclaim, with deepest emotion, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I fear often, in view of the magnitude of the work, that I do not try hard enough, in the right way. I fear I do not always furnish such an example of diligence and ministerial fidelity as I should to the younger ministers; but I feel greatly concerned to do more, and still more. I am sometimes ashamed when I see the industry of men in other professions and pursuits of life. What energy! what devotion! what effort! both of body and mind, and all in reference to the interests of this life! But our calling relates to the interests both of time and eternity. Then, might we well exclaim, what a work is ours! To preach the gospel is a great work; to act well and truly the part of an ambassador for Christ; to use wisely and successfully the words of reformation committed to us. And yet 'tis this is but a part of our work. This is in the grand instrumentality of bringing sinners to Christ; but, Ah, what a work follows, as expressed by St. Paul, Ephesians iv. 13: "For the perfecting the saints—the edifying of the body of Christ." And this latter work grows upon our hands in proportion as God blesses our preaching; as we are not only to feed the sheep, but also the lambs. Christ makes a distinction, and so must we, if we do our duty to God and the Church. Jesus says: "Feed my lambs." It is hardly worth while to labor for the conversion of the young, unless we take care of their souls afterwards.

We must, as pastors, or shepherds, watch over them with pious solicitude. Well, to be ready for every part of our work, much study and reading is needful, and nothing is more needful than much prayer, and I must think that the preacher, and especially the pastor, who finds time to be idle or to spend hours in recreative intercourse every week in gallantry or pastime, must have forgotten both the greatness of the work and the solemn obligations taken upon himself in his ordination vows. The longer I live and the more I see of our economy and its practical working; the more I am impressed with the great importance of the pastoral office, and, as numbers multiply, I see still a greater necessity for the enforcement of our general rules, and especially for the maintenance of our class-meeting institution.

Bro. Mc, please copy an article from the March number of the Home Circle, on this latter subject, and please publish the Gem, enclosed, for the benefit of Sabbath schools. Yours truly, A. MONROE.

"Small Favours Thankfully Received." This has been so often repeated, by tradesmen and others, that now it has become a proverb. We have been reminded of it frequently of late, by the reception of sundry little slips, cut from the Advocate and Journal, of New York, and sent here in envelopes. By whom they are sent, or by whom they were written, we do not know. Sometimes they are accompanied with a line or two requesting their insertion and credit, and at other times they come "solitary and alone."

Some months ago, we were accustomed to receive articles similar to these from some unknown friend at New York, in manuscript; but as they were not accompanied with any responsible name, we gave them little or no attention, observing, however, that the same as sent to us was published in the Advocate and Journal. But soon the programme was changed, and, in place of receiving the manuscript, we receive the slips, as stated. What the object of all this is, we can only guess; but our suspicions are, that some sober brother or sister, as the case may be, has taken up the idea that he or she has been specially set apart to cure the ills, be they many or few, to which the Church and ministry are subject; and, acting on the homeopathic principle, he gives but little at a time, and in order for that little to reach and affect the whole body, desires it presented through all the papers of the Church. We have seen portions of it in various other papers.

That the reader may form some idea of what it is, we subjoin two slips that we have just received in the same envelop.

In the meantime, the kind friend who sent them is hereby most respectfully informed that when we desire more, we will seek to inform him of the fact. The slips read as follows:

SOMETHING TO BE READ.—The intelligent reader will declare it of no second importance. Surely the great demand upon earth is the publication of the gospel, and surely that publication is more important in regions where it has never been uttered, than where it has been for years or ages reiterated. Beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant in many an enlightened locality have been the reverberations of sermons to "build up" God's people, as well as give pastors support, while the hearers generally have "built up" for themselves superfluities in worldly goods sufficient to keep a dozen voices sounding to Buddhists or Brahmins. There is a responsibility for the great wrong somewhere. It is not upon men in a mass. When the great white throne shall appear, the inquisition for the blood of souls will not

come down upon Churches, Conferences, or Synods, but upon individuals. Then you, dear reader, whether you are a preacher or a layman (as surely as the humble writer), will have to answer to the inquiring judge whether you let your own missionary light concentrate, like rays through a sun-glass, with sufficient steadiness upon your heart to start and sustain the fire of missionary zeal; and whether you did, in preaching (not merely once a year), and in talking (not merely in annual formalities), and in praying, and in giving (in your own soul-saving alienation from mammon), whether you did thus clear your own soul.

MACEDONIA. A TRACK OF THOUGHT FOR A PRAECHEUR.—We mean to think for the people ultimately. While respectfully aiming to break an idea to the preacher's mind, we aim at extended transmission of truth, as if facilitating readiness of a stereotype plate for the pile of blank sheets. The preacher strikes off pages of meaning upon immortal souls. Besides, this broken article should be addressed to the preacher under whose intellectual hammering it needs to be welded and spread for general use.

When I proceed to suggest that the more charming God can be made to appear to the sinner, the stronger, of course, must be the motive toward repentance. The desirable end may be hastened by comparisons of God with creaturely objects. Let us glance at some of these finite objects in ascending gradations, realizing at each upward step how precious must be the infinitely superlative Being:

1. Commence with the lifeless department. Common clay, finer clay, common rock, granite, marble. Another element, concealed into icebergs, gushing from the hills, sweeping through valleys, heated into steam. There is another, yet more subtle, of forty miles depth around the globe, in which men have been as do fish in the lower one; in its motion an emblem of the movement of the Great Spirit, varying from soft steps in zephyrs to terrible marchings in hurricanes and wheelings in whirlwinds. There is a still more wonderful something, that, at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two thousand miles a second, streams from a fountain which is more than a million fold larger than this earth, and which remains undimmed by scores of ages. We thus in the lifeless department touch only the first round of a ladder toward apprehension of the infinite Creator.

2. The vegetable department. In this is a life, a strange something more, organization in varied exquisite forms, from the mushroom to the lily; in magnitude from the mustard sprout to the gigantic tree of California.

3. The living creature department, in niceness of structure from the snail to the human frame; in bulk from the animalcule to the whale.

4. The sense gratifications. Relish of the peach, odor of the pink, charms to the ear, to the eye.

5. The mental department. Pleasant appreciation of the novel, the curious, the beautiful, the sublime; the working of the judgment, the memory, the imagination.

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